Oh *Richard!* *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?
Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe,
If not, I pleaſd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to ſeize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of baniſht *Herford?*
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deſeruing ſonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his cuſtomarie rights;
Let not to morrow then enſue to day:
Be not thy ſelfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire ſequence, and ſucceſſion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you doe wrongfully ſeize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to ſue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.
King. Thinke what you will, we ſeize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.
Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will enſue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
King. Go Buſhie, to the Earle of Wiltſhire ſtraight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in abſence of our ſelfe,
Our Vnckle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iuſt, and alwaies loued vs well:

Come

Herford

Herford

Come on our Queene, to n
Be merry, for our time of ſt

Exeunt King and Q
North. Well Lords, the
Roſſe. And liuing too, fo
Willough. Barely in title,
North. Richly in both, i
Roſſe. My heart is great,
Er't be disburdened with a
North. Nay ſpeak thy m
That ſpeakes thy words ag
Willough. Tend's that th
If it be ſo, out with it bold
Quicke is mine eare to hea
Roſſe. No good at all, th
Vnleſſe you call it good, t
Bereft and gelded of his pa
North. Now afore God t
In him a Royall Prince, an
Of noble blood in this dec
The King is not himſelfe,
By flatterers, and what the
Meerely in hate againſt ar
That will the King ſeuere
Againſt vs, our liues, our
Roſſe. The Commons
And quite loſt their heart
For ancient quarrels, an
Willough. And dayly ne
As Blancks, Beneuolence
North. But what a Go
Wille. Warres hath not W
But baſely yeilded vpon
That which his Noble A
More hath he ſpent in pe
Roſſe. The Earle of W
Wil. The King's grown